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Professor Dore

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In The Atmosphere

As gravity sucked me down into the Earth's surface, in my mind I knew it was over, but in my heart I felt an undying truth that I could survive. The still winds of space soon became fire and I became more and more worried by the millisecond. I can see land through the clouds and my eyes shut as I do not want to see my downfall.

Let me start with the beginning of my day. I knew today was more resilient than the others. Something was wrong and I slipped into work late, nobody noticed because of the sight on the visual monitor. Some guy outta California was struck by late this morning by something from the great unknown. Space. He was burnt to a crisp embedded at least 6 in the ground, you could have made a headstone just right there in the cold, moist land of Florida. Investigations were soon underway at the International Space Station. All countries were working together in this tragedy. Wait, a spaceship from beyond our knowledge has come into sight from the murky molecules of space.

Just then a co-worker tells me to get ready and suit up. My mind goes into an immediate plan. When others take flight, I fight. I meet up with 2 other acquaintances and find an atmocopter, a helicopter that can withstand the thin air of the atmosphere. Blasting away from the surface, I can tell this is what I felt was unusual. The clouds begin to come closer and closer

as we inch our way up to the great void outside of our tiny existence. All space stations of the world are down and destroyed and it is just 3 people and a helicopter there to save the world.

The giant piece of extra-terrestrial machinery fires our way and the pilot heads around the blast and toward the ship as we fly around the giant vessel, my fellow human and I shoot repulsors that turn into a force field all around the ship. At the push of a button these force fields should expand and demobilize the vessel and its reactors. But, our plan is crushed and now the machine has countered our attack with a giant saw to gradually cut the protective shield from its hull. My pilot now suggests we use our tractor beam attached to the atmocopter. A loud noise startles us and we see the saw fly off the ship directly at the tractor beam. It unhooks the weapon and makes it useless. If that wasn't bad enough I got knocked out of the vehicle and am now plummeting towards Earth.

As gravity sucked me down from the abyss of space, in my mind I knew it was over, but in my heart I felt a strong hopefulness that I could survive. The still winds of space soon became fire and I became more and more worried by the millisecond. My suit has powered down and now I am becoming more doubtful. I can see land through the clouds and my eyes shut as I do not want to see my downfall. But I know when others take flight, I fight and flight is my best option of doing so. Suddenly I hear the noise of relief ringing in my ears as my suit gains power and I open my eyes to use all my strength to pull up before I slam to the ground. Only mere feet were between me and death as I roared up to the atmocopter. My team is defenseless and I tell them to stay still as I fix the tractor beam. I tell them to fire away at the alien vessel's bottom reactor. It is a soundless, yet beautiful explosion that knocks me awake and I am suddenly in my bedroom, out of breath and proud of my pointless heroism.